Composition

TERRA INCOGNITA

BOOK ONE

A PHILOSOPHICAL DIARY.

AUTUMN 2010

Who is free To choose ?
Who is beyond the law ?
Who is healed ?
Who is hpused ?
Who speaks ?
Who is silenced ?
Who salutes the longest ?
Who prays loudest ?
Who dies first ?
Who laughs last ?

Terra Incognita

Book One

The Secret Writings of Michael William Hentrich

Autumn 2010

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I am going to pore over Shoshona Felman's Writing & Madness. pore := a careful and attentive reading. I will be utilizing the dictionary I purchased for 25¢ at the APP Library.

Rhetoric is a text in that it allows for two incompatible, mutually self-destructive points of view.

rhetoric := the art of effective expression, used in writing and speaking.
:= verbal communication

rhetorician := an eloquent speaker or writer

rhetorical := concerned primarily with effect
:= like rhetoric = ORATORICAL

oratorical := relating to the art of public speaking

oratory := the art of public speaking: rhetoric
:= ~~art~~ rhetorical skill or style

topos := the identification of a place

trope := figure of speech

pedagogy – the art of teaching

The study of rhetoric thus becomes less a kind of geometry than a kind of physics: it consists in the study of movements produced by the interaction of forces in language.

Since the speech act puts in question language as simple cognition (knowledge), the speech act itself cannot know what it is doing any more than it can know what it doesn't know.

Neither is it simply a pathos (the blind displacement of psychic intensities). Nor is it simply a logos (the transparency of a meaning), since the cognitive excess produced by speech acts cannot know itself.

A perfect knowledge of rhetoric is theoretically inconceivable. Conservatism consists in the "fear of consequences", while "radicalism" is defined by "the desire to push consequences to their furthest limits".

RADICAL THEORIZATION: a radicalization of the theory of rhetoric (the art of expression).

metaphor → e.g. "evening of life"
metonymy → e.g. "The pen is mightier than the sword"

Teach respect

It is in the nature of rhetorical performance to pull the rug out from under its own feet.

uncanny — exciting wonder and fear
— inexplicable
— so keen or perceptive as to seem supernatural

I am looking for the uncanny moment in the theory, where we use the instruments of logic in the aim of finding the moment at which logic itself falters. It uses concepts in a paradoxical attempt to point out precisely what conceptualization cannot integrate. And it is this uncanny moment that subverts in rigor its own rigor, this vanishing point of understanding, which is felt to be the most forceful, the most probing and most fundamental to the very nature of the rhetorical act as it generates the specificity of the THING called literature.

"The belief in truth is precisely madness". Nietzsche

The literary madman is most often a disguised philosopher: in literature, the role of madness is philosophical. The notions of philosophy, of literature, of madness, seem to be inherently related. And madness, in some unexpected way, could thus elucidate the problematic relationship between philosophy and literature.

Perhaps the madness of philosophy and the philosophy of madness are, after all, each but the figure of the other?

... somewhere, at that point of silence where it is no longer we who speak, but where, in our absence, we are spoken.

Writing Living → Madness As Autobiography

"I would like to write a book that would disturb people, that would be like an open door leading them where they never would have agreed to go, a door opening quite simply onto reality.

{?}

Why I hate life: we only feel sympathy for ourselves and rarely consider the pain others are experiencing: my nephew's back pain, my sister's arthritic pain, my mother's confusion and anxiety.

All I can focus on is this staph infection, my life in Asbury Park.

And yet, ~~realizing~~ this is all the more reason to sympathize for myself. Who else cares about me, the way I care about me? My mother is only concerned with her needs, as for my staph infection she wants it away from her!

I have no duties or obligations. My parents were not considering the impact of bringing me into the world. Now, it's my problem.

Surely I will find a way to die in 2011. Mom will have to get by without me. I love myself too much to put up with life too much longer.

It seems to me that I may have fallen into a filthy trap my mother set for me. Perhaps she wanted to "test" my patience, to infuriate me so that she could "cut me off" before I go to court. I feel that I can't really trust anyone anymore. Another heartbreak seems to be in the making. What can I do? I have to protect myself against those closest to me for they are the ones who will hurt me the most.

§?§

Compared to the way Dostoevsky exposes the passionate and unpleasant nature of human relationships, the "brain scientists" like Damasio, in their ivory towers, appear warm-like and inhuman; with their adjective "glorious" to describe consciousness, one would think them quite insensitive to how horrific consciousness can be at times.

There are times I can't bear to feel my feelings, so frustrated and confused — such a monster one has to become just to behold the horror of our own wretchedness!

But feel it we must: I can't help but see what I see, know what I know, and feel what I feel — the little smirks and grins . . .

This is why I isolate and counsel others to isolate . . . My diaries are my literature. Dostoevsky probes these uncomfortable, incommunicable discomforts. Is it any wonder people seek oblivion?

I can't help but feel I may have been too harsh with my mother — a heartache . . . No matter how frustrated she makes me or how much she messes with my psyche with guilt, shame, and blame, I love her so!

Life has not been a pleasant experience for me, nor for her, nor for my nephew.

Why must we cause each other pain?

Isn't it a pity? How we take each other's love without thinking anymore?

Forgetting to give back, isn't it a pity?

It sure is. How much more heartache can we endure? Why? AND What next?

{??}

Text after text I lose interest in. Reading Dostoevsky is painful for me, but I forge ahead. SCHOPENHAUER I know there is one author waiting for me:

{??}

If only I could write a masterpiece to bring in enough funds to provide for my mother as she ages! I could hire caretakers even... but I am a penniless philosopher living on government relief, a rabble rouser... If only my mother knew my heart!

{??}

I had 0.8 (60 sec) = 48 seconds left on my phone that time been saving just to be able to see who is calling, but I used it to call my mother. I am so glad I did even though we were cut off. I explained that I would write a book to try to get money to provide for her in her old age, but I don't think anyone would read it.

She was telling me she was reading an article about how some students from CBA end up becoming teachers at the "academy"... it is then we were cut off. She tried to call me back she left voicemail. I can't retrieve it until November 3rd... Wednesday... 4 full days away

I could hear in my sweet mother's angelic voice, that she forgives me of all my harsh reactions ... She had to take a tranquilizer she's been so upset.

Imagine me teaching at Christian Brothers Academy. It would be like the "Dead Poets Society." If I taught Computer Science, I could be a secret math teacher, a secret undercover PHILOSOPHY instructor.

Imagine if I were to really get down to mastering the concepts in Assembly Language, Architecture ... Software Engineering ... Fundamental Algorithms ... & Compilers!

Reading Dostoevsky's The Brothers Karamazov is emotionally draining for me. I will renew it on 11/5 if I'm not done.

This evening I may try to get into Schopenhauer's The World as Will & Representation, Volume 2. Maybe tomorrow morning I will be up to returning to Computer Science as well. Who knows what I am preparing for? For now, I am simply Dostoevskian!

30 October 2010 Sat.

The rituals I enact become my life... As I most likely have been blacklisted, rather than succumb to stocking product on shelves, I follow the secret teachings of John Kennedy Toole as shown through his character, Ignatius Reilly in A Confederacy of Dunces.

I live outside mainstream middle class American society, in the fringes along with downtrodden Blacks and the "ex-mental patients" living up at soup kitchens, living in section 8 subsidized housing units.

As more and more people fall into these ranks of superfluous (being beyond what is sufficient or required, i.e. overeducated, too thoughtful and intellectual for the labor force), I have years of "experience" living on government relief.

As my own mother ages, I begin to consider how I might secure her future as a dispossessed woman. Maybe all I have to do is not indulge in alcoholic binges and become a "teacher" of Computer Science...

For now, with legal troubles circling around me, I focus on the tasks at hand: writing in the morning, a morning walk reading Schopenhauer's WWR2 completely through (again), more writing, studying ~~Computer Science fundamentals~~ Computer Science with post-graduate intensity and depth (without a machine of any kind — just concepts); and then, in the evenings, reading specific literature, sometimes aloud, such as Dostoevsky's TBK.

One strong cup of coffee and one cigarette (left over from yesterday, given to me by George) starts my day at 06:30. Dreams were about some weird courtroom proceedings where I lost possessions, mostly computing equipment.

Reading Schopenhauer WWR2, the chapter on Teleology, last night was utterly fascinating. He puts these "new" neuroscientists to shame with his deep understanding. The quality of his understanding is uncanny! Recall the definition of uncanny (p. 38 *this): "exciting wonder and fear; inexplicable. So keen or perceptive as to seem supernatural."

("Can Psychological Insight Conquer Evil?")

I would like to place an important excerpt from Schopenhauer's WWR2 on this site for future reference, and this thread seems as good a place as any [search for "Frances Cress"].

S { "Blondes prefer absolutely dark persons or brunettes, but only rarely do the latter prefer the former. Therefore, blondes definitely DO NOT have more "fun" — or, at any rate, blondes do NOT have more SEX. Far from it! Blondes, except in Scandavania where they are indigenous, most likely will be "fucked off the planet", which will be quite acceptable to blondes who happen to be antinatalists ~~The feeling is mutual, I guess.~~

S continues...

"The reason for this is that fair hair and blue eyes constitute a variation, almost an abnormality, analogous to white mice, or at least to white horses. In no other quarter of the globe, not even in the vicinity of the poles, are they indigenous, but only in Europe; and they have obviously come from Scandanavia. Incidently, I here express my opinion that a white color in the skin is not

natural to man, but that by nature he has black or brown skin, just as had our forefathers [who originated in Africa and were there for 7 million years before ~~as~~ venturing to other continents]; consequently, a white human being has never sprung originally from the womb of nature, and therefor there is no white race, however much this is talked about, but every white human being is bleached. Driven into the north, which is strange and foreign to him [the human being], and in which he exists only like exotic plants, and like these requires a hothouse in winter, man became white in the course of thousands of years.

Therefor in sexual love, nature strives to return to dark hair and brown eyes as the archetype. but the white color of skin has become a second nature, though not so that brown ~~skill~~ skin is repellant."

Not only will I type this up and post it, but I may place it in a forum, to be named "the Tip of this Iceberg" which will be viewable to guests (read only) and described as "While one must be registered here and logged in in order to ~~view~~ ~~our discussions~~ ~~our~~ participate in ~~them~~ discussions (or to even view them),

{43}

SIMPLY DOSTOEVSKIAN

Maybe the secret to writing well is to express our genuine hatred and lust and other primal emotions, rather than "portraying an image" of how we want the world to perceive us — as in Rolen's idea of "a great man". What the fuck is she talking about? Even so-called great men are apes like the rest!

I am in contempt of phoniness. One of my greatest hatreds is phoniness — of course, since I dig so deep and come up so muddy, myself.

Isn't this why "relationships" are impossible for me? Isn't this what irks me about my landlord, that he actually has himself believing he is some kind of saint, but that he obviously cares most about receiving rent and doing a minimal amount of "service" for his vulnerable tenants?

PHONINESS IRKS ME. It is what rubs me the wrong way about both my sister and her son. They both lie to themselves. Writing is my revenge.

I went over to the Salvation Army to check out the dinner they serve on the last Sunday of the month. Let me tell you, dear reader, the people who run this local Salvation Army in Asbury Park are outright shameless fascists! At 4PM the "service" in the chapel begins. It lasts about an hour. I am not cut out for THAT holy horseshit.

After we entered (neighbor Fred and I) and we heard the sermon, once we got the gist of the trick being played — how these white Christian fascists wanted to CONTROL us by taking advantage of our hunger and desparation, we wanted to wait outside. Fred got locked out when he first walked out of the sermon which was filled with contradictions. When I too needed a break from the trap I had walked into, I asked the tall fascist-in-charge if I could let him in; and he obliged — but when Marcia and a few Black dudes wanted in, the FIC threatened me with "banishment" if I even made the effort. I told him I would never return to his place, and he had no problem with that at all.

I grudgingly returned to the pews, this time sitting near Fred. When "Mrs. Major Whatever" started in with her sanctimonious tone of voice when saying "Christ Jesus Our Lord," I became agitated with the absurdity of it. I was reminded of the disgust aroused in me when my sister takes on that tone meant for gullible children in Sunday school to make an impression on them. Fred had had enough and walked out.

Note, reader, that this is Asbury Park, Italian "Catlick" Fred, not Freddie Brown of Federal Way, of course.

I was able to restrain myself only because I was curious to experience what the rest of the process would be like - the humiliation of those downtrodden souls! While eating I let it be known I would not be subjecting myself to those fascists again.

I did not become furious, but merely reflected upon the great philosopher/comedian George Carlin, especially his take on religious hocus pocus, phoniness, and the utter stupidity of so many...

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What I witnessed out West in the battle area, and what I witness even here on the East coast, which I had prided myself as being more cynical on such matters, is a campaign for the revival of religion which is carried on with all the slickness of modern advertizing techniques. Now, more than ever, I wish to rise up as one of the great heretics in "morals" and "religion". I refuse to BE what those who wish to control me want me to BE, and I am not permitted to BE me, so I — like "the drunken Indians" — will BE NOTHING. I will simply do my time in the Taker Prison Society and continue to launch my attacks upon entire sectors of the machine in our heads.

The way medical and mental health professionals praise religious belief, influencing so many people who have no one else to turn to, has turned me permanently against them. All politicians, including President Obama and even preachers I respect, are suspect. Those who are opposed to traditional religion are second class citizens. The obedient sheep are rewarded with privilege, artificial power, prestige, and economic security.

{ ? }

Just for the record, for my own information, I have to say that, while I am unable to stop depending on eggs, poultry, meat products, et al, I do not condemn my nephew for his radical stance in not eating "eggs" or not celebrating "Thanksgiving" as I sense his rage against the exploitation and abuse of the animals slaughtered.

My sister is a vegetarian. I have to also kind of be in awe of that too.

Perhaps I may be able to be less upset by the self-righteousness that accompanies such proof of their moral integrity.

Also, both suffer physical pain that must aggravate and incapacitate them.

I am asking myself to have mercy and compassion on them both and to desire their reunion — a mother and child reunion. — although I still see religion as a form of child abuse.

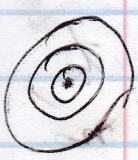
* Rather than hate people for their stupidity, just be glad you're not so stupid.

It is important to understand the self-imposed exile of "the outsider" & what we mistakenly refer to as being a misfit. I say ~~+~~ mistakenly, because misfit is derrogatory, failing to acknowledge that the rejection process most likely is self-imposed. "Freaks" such as Schopenhauer, Dostoevsky, Nietzsche, Cioran, and others had not so much been rejected, but did not have any desire to "belong" to the mainstreamers. They did the rejecting themselves, scorning the crowd, busting the gorts of their "worlds". Often aggressively Dostoevsky's characters ~~openly~~ scorn the idea of God. Nietzsche, even to the point of playing the clown or actual madman, scorned European morality, pointing out some embarrassing reasons why people turned into slaves are comforted by religions which promise justice in an afterlife. ~~Born~~ "~~different~~" The gorts say, "Be like us, and you will be safe." (accept Jesus or Allah or capitalism or status-symbols and you will be safe "with us"). We prefer to be unsafe and unhappy for the sake of PASSION and HONESTY.

safe → saved?

Our failure to "fit in" is not a sign of our inadequacy, but a sign of our strength. We are "dangerous, accidents, exceptions, tempests which are strong enough to question things which it has taken time to build and establish."

Nietzsche wrote, "The man [or woman] is great who knows how to be most solitary," "the man [or woman] who is surrounded by loneliness, not because he [she] wishes to be alone, ~~but~~ but because he [she] is what he [she] is, and cannot find his [her] equal."



Remember Toole's "Ignatius Reilly" saying he has no peers? Artificial categories used to form "~~support groups~~" therapy groups only drive the point home even harder, to be an outcast among outcasts!

I think this is the point Blaze may have missed, suspecting us of fooling ourselves... When we are "outsiders" for diverse reasons, ~~it is impossible not~~ we do not necessarily cease being outsiders simply by coming together for

these brief interludes of "community".
[search for (locally): social networking hypocrisy by Blaze]. But, we do have some kind of blessing in having become free spirits and still finding some kind of "haven", even if it is "just a message board".

Still, as we well know, we forge ahead alone, only now we are that much more aware of our true aloneness, for we can be in society and feel most alone of all... as must have been experienced by all of us.

Nietzsche: "When I found it necessary to, I invented the free spirits, There are no free spirits, nor have there been."

Did gortbusters.org do nothing but suggest there may be very few gortbusters?

Did I invent the Theoreticians of Rebellion, The Ghost Shirt Society, in the same way? And yet, here we are... a few free spirits. We have more than Nietzsche ever hoped for: A Nation of Seven, give or take a few.

I do not accept Blaze's conclusion that we are hypocrits. We need to meet. We might draw blood.

But it is a cyberpetic community, and we, being passionately honest, understand that we are really just seven or eight Nations of One*; each isplated... We are still just as isolated as Nietzsche or Dostoevsky. Mental isolation - years and decades of it - can make us quite bitter, especially as we know our passion and honesty to be virtuous, ~~and~~ White the values of the crowd ~~to be~~ are mediocre, base, ~~vulgar~~, and phony; ~~shallow as crowds do so~~, crowds of shallow phonies repel the deep, ~~thinker~~, contemplative, ~~introvert~~ self-absorbed introvert.

Nietzsche: "It is terrible to be condemned to silence when one has so many things to say. Am I created for solitude, never to find anyone with whom I can make myself understood?"

It is the cry of Christ: "Take this cup from me." or the Jewish joke about being God's Chosen People: "I wish He would have chosen someone else."

* and a few Nations of Two for those with mates.

Nietzsche again: "A profound man [or woman] needs friends, unless he has a God. And I have neither God nor friend."

PAUSE: find thread on "Respect/love neighbors"

It seems I can only love "my neighbor" in the abstract, ~~It is almost easier~~ only at a distance. I am finally reading Dostoevsky's TBKaramazov; and I am not ashamed to confess that, reading some sections aloud, I could not keep from crying tears. There ~~it was~~ is some gut-wrenching drama about the pain, bitterness, and anger of a nine year old boy defending his impoverished father ~~AGAINST~~ against a heartless mocking society. (The wealthy don't experience this level of ~~the~~ insight); but that is not the passage I wish to explore. Part Two, Book Five, Chapter 4: (Ivan speaking to his brother Alyosha, who is living in a monestary but is not a monk.)

"I must make you one confession," Ivan said. "I could never understand how one can love one's neighbors. It's just one's neighbors, to my mind

that one can't love, though one might love those at a distance."

"Beggars, especially genteel beggars, ought never to show themselves, but to ask for charity through the newspapers. One can love one's neighbors in the abstract, or even at a distance, but at close quarters it's almost impossible."

"I think if the devil doesn't exist, but man has created him, he has created him in his own image and likeness."

My personal experiences with neighbors, from east coast to west and back, belongs in comedy; but underneath the ~~com~~ dark satire, there is something very sad yet beautiful just the same. We human beings are all so fucked up, damaged, needy, temperamental. We all have serious issues; Euros, Afros, Mesos, Asians, ~~Indo~~ Indians from India, Natives of North America — how difficult we all are for one another to endure!!!! * We're all fucking crazy... Hence, why solitude is about the best bet. At least then we only deal

* And I'm not talking group against group, but also and especially within each group-

with the suffering we inflict on ourselves. It may be conceal when the smoke has cleared, but in the nooks and crannies, we do appear to be quite a nasty species.

I want to see the world as it is and not be afraid of it. Can we look the world in the face?

There are so many diverse personalities that develop in our worlds, and each family, tribe, village, nation has types which can be found ~~various personality types~~ in each.

Maybe we are particularly unsuited for a competitive, capitalistic mass-industrial society and might not be such outsiders in a different culture, in a different age.

Supposedly those diagnosed with certain "mental ~~disor~~ and emotional disorders" may be designed for hunter/gatherer/tribal culture... as opposed to our worlds of clocks, schedules, and obedience to petty ARTIFICIAL authorities.

(link to INTROVERT thread)

In our worlds, we learn not to be too hospitable, whereas in tribal cultures, hospitality is encouraged. I mean, one can't feel "guilty" for turning away a homeless alcoholic pregnant woman, ESPECIALLY IF she is in serious trouble — ~~and~~ talk about draining one's energy! I can feel my mental health being damaged just by being "cornered in" ~~a~~ ~~apartment~~ with certain human beings ... especially in institutions where there is no refuge, no ~~not~~ true solitude or escape from other human beings.

~~If one is honest~~ Sure, all this can be comical, but what does it say about the nature of this beast Homo sapiens sapiens? We are social animals — and yet! And yet I am most at peace when alone. I can hardly stand walking with others. They start to want to control my pace, demanding I slow down, so we can talk. It's like I can feel a vampire sucking my neck — and I want to run before I become aggressive and abusive. ALONE. PLEASE! ALONE!

I prefer being respected over being loved.

* Shall I move the thread about respect/love to TIP of ICEberg?

And yet there are those rare individuals who are great conversationalists or just have personalities that are extremely likeable to me ... ~~Jon~~ An elderly so-called "alcoholic bum" comes to mind, who is quite a radically intelligent rebel who gets harassed and abused by police, landlords, and occassionally even bands of theiving punks. his I could sit and speak with him for an hour or so and be delighted by his level of insight into how full of shit the so-called "real world" is, with all its status symbols and economic fascism.

I can't speak to some related to me by blood as I have no patience for the lies they tell themselves. They have come to believe their own lies and may secretly resent my genuine intellectual integrity. So be it. No more lies. No more polite society. No more suffering soul-sucking preachers. I'm at ~~War~~ odds with many and prepared to PROTECT MY FREE INTELLIGENCE

§ 53 §

DIGNITY THROUGH MADNESS

The day that Nietzsche was finally placed in a "mental hospital," he had collapsed in the street. He was found weeping on the neck of a horse that was being beaten. I find this quite profound: human dignity through madness. Such compassion is madness?

Is it too much "inwardness"? Is that what "madness" is? Does passion have its source in such madness, such "introversion"? Is it passion which the "middle class" lacks?

2 November 2010 Tuesday

It is no picnic living on government relief. There are those in the system who would like to tell me, "Look, Mr Hentuch, you collect more cash each month than many on general relief and SSI." Is it that much more when one considers I don't at [illegible]

{??}

Could the small miracle finally have taken place?
No one knocked on my door this morning.
Is this the quiet miracle? I prefer to be respected as opposed to loved or liked. I am relieved to be only one night's sleep away from some temporary relief. Tomorrow I will be cautious in Freehold... A couple hundred dollars ought to suffice for expenditures. Easy on the herb and tobacco.
No need to stock up - the shit goes up in smoke, is overpriced; I shall only be "celebrating relief day" - I realize I must prepare to live in want and misery. So most funds will go for coffees, inkpens, notebooks, and groceries.
As for today; well, I am not so down as I can see clearly some light at the end of the tunnel.

{??}

Raskolnikov: "Pain and suffering are always inevitable for a large intelligence and a deep heart. The really great men must, I think, have great sadness on earth." Dostoevsky first plunged into the metaphysical depths with that novel, Crime & Punishment, of which Raskolnikov is the (anti) hero.

{?}

"brain-whirling" agony → "He can see only rebellion as the lot of a man who hates injustice. When Nietzsche desperately and foolishly asked his non-existent readers why he was so wise, and why he wrote such excellent books, he was near collapse.

When I really understand how pampered and naive Nietzsche was, I cannot forgive his indifference to the "enslaved". So I lean toward Cioran . . . but I am neither Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, or Cioran. I am Hentrich, an anti-Christ who lives very much like Christ, but who opposes St. Paul. I am similar to Ignatius Reilly in some ways, but my world view has no room for Catholicism.

So, I will return "The Seventh Solitude" this evening when I return from Freehold. I will renew TBK on Friday, 11/5; I will not race through it, nor will I seek other books to read.

I want to be prepared for some kind of surprise on 11/19. I will find thermal underwear, good socks, and good underwear — as well as new T-shirt (white) and thermal shirt.

While part of me evidently wants to go through Computer Science concepts at a low-level and incorporate knowledge and experience into a mystical reading of core texts - I've even laid the 4 texts out on the table like HOLY BOOKS - another, part, the part which moves my limbs and works this pen, is more concerned with "cognitive dissonance, insubordination, "Love?" and Respect.

While fundamental operations underneath computer architecture is fascinating, it is too cut off from the human emotion around me.

3 Relationships prone to provoke "ressentiment" (rancor, malignancy, acrimony, grudges, spite, repugnance)

1. humiliation (denial of dignity)
2. rivalry (status competition)
3. fearful ambivalence

Civilization is based on an irresolvable contradiction.

How can I "love my neighbor as myself" when my neighbor may not show the slightest consideration, or, whom, when it suits him, would not hesitate to injure me, jeer at me, or slander me?

To love one's neighbor would be setting oneself against Nature, turning I into an unnatural being too unlike the beasts in the wild. (Bauman 2008)

Animal survival can do without love and self-love, even. People assume self-love manifests as staying alive at all costs, for better or for worse.

Sometimes survival does better without self love. Self-love may rebel against the condition of life if we find that life hateful. Self-love may prod us to reject survival if our life is not up to love's standards and therefore not worth living.

ZYGMUNT BAUMEN Does Ethics Have a Chance in a World of Consumers.

Refusal of love, a snub, a rejection, a denial of the status of a love-worthy object ... all this breeds self-hatred.

We believe we are worthy of love when we are talked to and listened to; when we are listened to ATTENTIVELY, with an interest that signals the listener's readiness to respond.

We gather then that we are respected.

What are the obstacles we face in teaching respect? ressentiment

- a major obstacle to loving the Other as self.

The French word has a complex meaning not conveyed by the English word, resentment.

ressentiment → rancor, repugnance, acrimony, spite, grudge, malignancy - or a combination of all these.

rancor → bitter, long-lasting resentment; deep-seated ill will.

acrimony → bitter or sharp animosity, especially in speech or writing

malignancy → malevolent (wishing harm to others)

Ressentiment is what the downcast, the deprived, the discriminated against, and the humiliated feel against their so-called "betters." *

What are the obstacles we face in learning ? respect

* self-proclaimed "betters"
self-established "betters"
the wealthy, the powerful

* those who claim the right to be respected together with the right to deny or refute their so-called "inferiors'" right to dignity.

"Ressentiment" is a mixture of acrimony, envy, and spite. Bitter and sharp animosity.

animosity → deep-seated hostility: ENMITY
(deep-rooted mutual hatred)

The deepest cause of ressentiment is the agony of cognitive dissonance, that irresolvable ambivalence: approving of qualities one does not possess involves disapprobation.

disapprobation → condemnation.

ressentiment does not lead to freedom
ressentiment alleviates the pain of one's own indignity by pulling others down.

Ressentiment results in competition.
Ressentiment results in ostentatious consumption (that shameless display of one's own opulence and wealth to humiliate others who don't have the same resources)

Many of us have served as natural props in the exorcism rituals against evil spirits threatening the orderly lives of the pious.

On the authority of a procedure conceived, practiced, and legitimized by Husserl — the phenomenological reduction — Levinas endorsed putting ETHICS before ONTOLOGY.

Hence my resistance to Alain Badiou's Being & Event, although part of me sees in "sets" and deeper, intuitive mathematics.

* Deploying tools like epoche

(detachment)

(ask yourself, "Am I dreaming this?")

Freud presented social coercion as the very essence of civilization: since the "pleasure principle" (desire for orgasm, or the inborn inclination to laziness) would guide [in Freud's view, "misguide"] individual conduct toward "the wasteland of asociality or sociopathy", unless it were constrained and counterbalanced by "power-aided, authority-operated 'reality principle,' civilization could not FUNCTION!"

at the threshold of the modern era, Nature was viewed as the major source of uncertainty that haunted human life.

The ill-will, malice, and uncouth conduct of the neighbors next door (me?), or beyond the river, that make people fear and tremble, were classified on the side of Nature, as distinct from the man-made part of the world.

Giorgo Agamben suggests that the constitutive feature of the sovereign state was the "relation of exception" through which "something is included solely through its EXCLUSION."

The modern state was about managing human affairs through the exclusion of everything unmanageable and thereby undesirable. Uncertainty and all that caused it — all that was resistant to management, all that evaded categorization, all that was under-defined, all that was category-crossing, and all that was ambivalent — was the major, most toxic pollution of the would-be man-made order that had to be EXCLUDED. That is the LOGIC of the State — to exclude "uncertainty".

Only if one tries to opt out of the rat race and retreat from the chase — or if one is black-balled and chased away from the chase (a truly horrifying scenario) or refused admission a priori; — will learn just how powerful are the forces that manage the racetrack, guard the entries, and keep the runners running — and only then will one find out how severe is the punishment meted out to the helpless and insubordinate.

The Machine that needs deconstruction is the one in our heads — our very own heads! This is something we have immediate "intimate" knowledge of and experience with!

There is a bright side to diving into the Dark Side, and coming up muddy; While those who merely get by with basic shelter, clothes, and eating day by day, ~~get fat~~ become

social outcasts, when we acknowledge that gargantuanly enormous psycho-socio-economic coercion is required to promote and instill such "civilizing choices" as the WORK-ETHIC, we understand that control is an illusion.

It takes security guards and a stack loads of prisons to keep the illusion alive.

Your mind for a job.

Your mind for a car.

* Those of us who find ourselves on the fringes of the machinery of society may prove to be wildly resistant to being managed, controlled, and manufactured.

Here I seem to have a certain "bull" by the horns: the ~~positive~~ successful propaganda making manageability a positive concept in the industry of programming human behavior; i.e., Alcoholics Anonymous and the 12 Step Movement — basically public confession like (darkening back in to) the days when witches were killed and threatened by lynch mobs.

What does it mean to be unmanageable?

management := to cause (humans, animals, etc) to submit to one's control.
(cybernetics?)

To manage is to manipulate probabilities.

To manage means to limit the freedom of the managed.

The way the "old" Native Americans used to deal with the "ressentiment" which plagued European culture is they laid low and let the aristocrats, egalitarians, sycophants, and assassins all look on them as worthless.

Isn't this the object of my super-cool super-hero street garb?
- to mock the status symbols of the efficient civil servants coming down to the corporate business-as-usual regimentated uniformity of PROFESSIONALISM and POLITE SOCIETY.

I am so bored with gorts in positions not only of social authority, but sexual authority as well, parental authority too.

Familial authority.
Stupidity dominating intelligence is un-ethical.

~~It~~ unjust

Our society is a hallucination generated by engineers and managed by ignorant gort masses.

The remnants of Africa's shattered world were caused by white (Christian & Muslim) brutality and greed. The Christian and Muslim conscience found it easier to accept the idea that black/brown skin (and other physical differences) represented signs of mental inferiorities. The knowledge of the ancient civilization of Africa had been completely suppressed. If it had not been suppressed, then the whole justification for chattel slavery would have fallen to pieces.

TK.

(Human Zoo? Desmond Morris)

The original lie — that African culture was inferior — still lurks at the back of some minds. This continues to create black resentment. Since ~~there~~ their so-called inferiority is a myth generated by centuries of propaganda and a usurption of World Religions as tools for managing slave populations, inferority invented by distorting history; of course blacks in the Americas and elsewhere naturally fail to "behave as if he/she were inferior."

Of course blacks rebel!

And yet the efforts of blacks demanding dignity, demanding to be treated with respect, were and are met with staggeringly irrational and violent responses. Social degradations are heaped upon Black America, especially the males. Invisible chains often replace real ones.

What were and are the repercussions of the holocaust involved in the slave-trade of peoples indigenous to West Africa - the diaspora and remnants of the slave-trade to the Americas and elsewhere?

What are the repercussions?
What has been the impact from a "vast Afrocentric perspective" transcending racist ~~ideolo~~ worldviews?

Even were the Black American population "rewarded monetary reparations" for their "generational troubles" (from the slave trade to modern penetentary/welfare systems/soldier-factory ~~slave~~ educational system), and given the opportunity to return to Africa, these reparations would hardly return them to their original condition before the holocaust. Their original condition was destroyed long ago; no amount of monetary reparations or transcontinental migrations or major exodus can restore the way of life that has long since been destroyed, a casualty of GODDAMN progress.

There is no turning back. The damage has been done. After repeated frustrations, blacks in the Americas and elsewhere have lost their patience, and are now a force to be reckoned with.

This is what drives Black Supremacists: they have been driven to a policy, not of simple equality, but of 'black domination.'

A second American civil war seems to be imminent as institutional global racism seems incapable of changing.

One who is classified as white would be wise to become very humble and learn to respect the spirit of all peoples if that one wishes to live in harmony upon the earth.

If the system of institutional white supremacy is not replaced with justice, then there will be Hell to pay.

In 1964, Neely Fuller Jr. wrote,

Many "white" people 'hate' 'black' people.

Those 'white' people who 'hate' 'black' people do not 'hate' 'black' people because 'black' people are 'black.' They 'hate' 'black' people because 'white' people are not 'black'.

What is the purpose of life?

Kilgore Trout responds, "To be the eyes and ears and conscience of the Creator of the Universe, you fool."

("You big dummy!")

I send messages by telepathy to the Creator, wherever She is.

I am no more devil than any other man, I am no less devil than any ~~of the~~ other man. Romanticizing people insults people. There are Dostoevskian personalities in all peoples. It's deep.

Man is a mad animal. This relates to my insight that "Dostoevskian" madmen and hysterical women abound in all human cultures and societies, that the human animal is deep and complex, and that literature awakens us to the human heart, spirit, and stomach of Being Human — the array of ~~phobic~~ ontological doubts and ethical speculations concerning current social orders dominated by money and "class distinction".

Man is a mad animal haunted by petty insecurities that fester within.

Maybe individuals like Hitler possessed a keen psychological insight into the insecurities of broken and humiliated individuals and knew precisely how to harness that collective humiliation.

Maybe there are those "leaders" among the abused and victimized masses who also know how to capture rage and direct it toward a common enemy.

{6}

LA-LA LAND

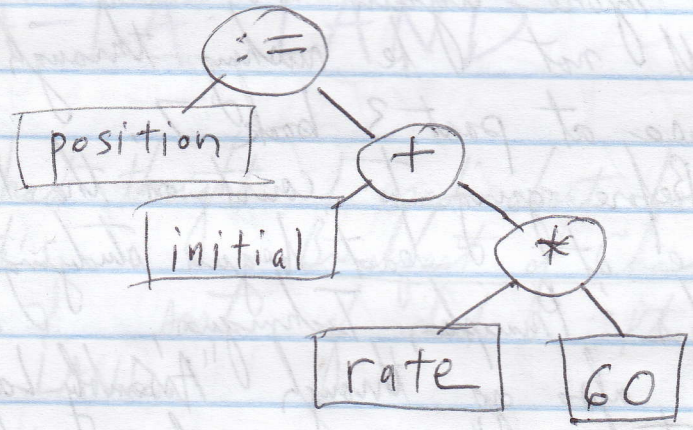
I had thought I read about La-La Land in Vonnegut's Breakfast of Champions, and I sort of did. It was called FAIRY LAND.

"His life was not worth living. He had a feeble will to survive. He thought the planet was terrible, that he never should have been sent there. Some mistake had been made. He had no friends or relatives. He was put in cages all the time." He had a name on the inside of his skull of a fetal world called Fairy Land.

It will require discipline just to carry texts by Mazidi and Aho/Sethi/Ullman.

They are quite heavy. Perhaps ... a syntax tree, in which each node represents an operation and the children of a node represent the arguments of the operation.

position := initial + rate * 60



Only upon awakening am I able to direct my attention, else it succumbs to La-La Land, where it trudges slowly through Dostoevsky's TBK or goes through Schopenhauer's WWR2 ger, so carefully while pacing the boardwalk. Quite an extraordinary scholar! In such an environment! East Coast AvenGer

Why carry such heavy books when the contents require slow readings? This is precisely it: and Sundays in particular, when the library is closed, rather than trek to Prospect Ave, I could hit the grocery store, make my own dinner, and see about hitting these books on the boardwalk. I could carry TBK just in case I get the urge to read it. Then again, if that is the case, why not bring WWR2 as well - and see which text the brain itself is drawn to while in La-La Land. π

If I were to get back into "codemode" before court 11/19, I would be able to construct deep mathematical code while incarcerated - a side of Mikey nobody in there has witnessed yet.

It is not something I can push or force. If I really go into full blown geek-introvert - π - mode, I'll be getting into KNUTH's Fundamental Algorithms and creating an abstract machine in my head. Perhaps I will trust the web spinner.

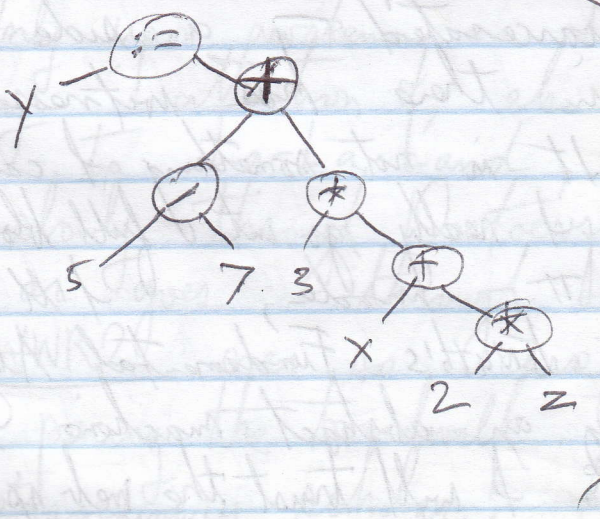
In a haphazard manner I come to identify specific texts as quite powerful, while others I leave as trash. Even so, the more I try to force myself into code mode or Schopenhauer mode, the less the texts become necessary.

I become my own Schopenhauer.

The code-generator is in my head.

Going over fundamentals prior to possible LOCK-DOWN ~~will~~ could prove valuable when in a cage: to keep the brain occupied! Just syntax trees alone...

y := 5/7 + 3*(x+2z)



Evidence that brain is inching back into "code mode":

Sunday
7 November 2010

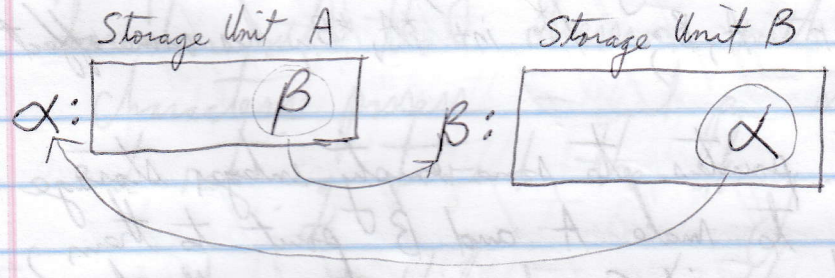
I will call mom today to verify she sent out rent check that I had dropped off to her.

From the first scene where Faust is complaining about the limits of book-knowledge and "studies", I see that Faust is like me, reaching out to the living fabric of life for communication and deeper understanding:

"Stars' orbits you will know, and bold
You learn what nature has to teach
Your soul is freed, and you behold
The spirits' words, the spirits' speech.
Though dry reflection might expound
These holy symbols, it is dreary:
You float, oh spirits, all around
Respond to me, if you can hear me."

Rather than read Goethe's Faust, I prefer reaching "the spirits" myself, hiding on neighbors, becoming one with the multidimensional No desire to go to Matawan. No desire to talk to "accounts department" at Jersey Shore.

epiphany – a sudden manifestation of the meaning or essence of something; a sudden intuitive realization or perception of reality.



A pointer is a data value that references a unit of storage. Since I have distinct memories of the purchase; the water damage, and the care taken to dry the pages of this particular text; since I dragged it 3300 miles west, then 3300 miles back again; since I left it in the apartment when storing Cioran, Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, (all but WWR2), and the rest at mom's; I experience a sense of ARCH OF THE COVENENT or HOLY GRAIL. Pointers in C – The Rudiments. DS, A, & SP in C gets right down into what fascinates me about computing... the mathematical nature of pointers (data that references units of storage). the manner in which I approach the craft is spontaneous. This is art, the art of mathematics. It's all math. Computing is all mathematics. Referencing memory, interpreting instructions.

Pointers in C, a tiny section near 2.3 in the mentioned text, gets right into dynamic memory allocation in C, the language behind Unix.

How instantaneously one can return to code mode, and yet when a poet is in code mode, we have a different perspective.

```
typedef int *IntegerPointer;
IntegerPointer A, B; /* int *A, *B; has same effect */
```

To create pointers to some empty integer storage units and to make A and B point to them, we use the special C dynamic storage allocation procedure, malloc (used for dynamic memory allocation).

```
A = (IntegerPointer) malloc(sizeof(int));
```

A: 

```
B = (int *) malloc (sizeof(int));
```

The programmer must recycle storage space.

```
free(A);
A = B;
```

At "Pointer Diagramming Notation" I become a little bored. Perhaps I will turn over to the Greek Church, carrying Dostoevsky's IBK in back pack ——

print copy of critique of TBK

mode zero